UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

THE DEPARTED ONE.

To Miss R. J. C., Brantford, Pa.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Spring comes, and with it melody and mirth,
The scent of roses on the passing breeze,
And beauty's presence fill'd the throbbing earth
With visions of the hopeful and the fair.
But one shaped mould the hearts of heaven
Came Eden like around our blissful bower,
Her dancing eye that shone like stars of love
Like rays our Spring—set on its sunny throne.
Lived in the radiance of its richest glimmer,
Rolled o'er her heaven as the purest of skies
Bright as the memory of our brightest dreams.
Lighting our way with smiles of sunniness,
Winning and pure as is the first caress,
A mother's love may on the wondrous power
Around the cradle of her heart's best hope was bound
When morning's hour awoke each sleeping rill,
Glad as the melting of a peaceful sky,
It breath'd into each heart an answering thrill
Of happy thankfulness that rested ray
We saw that beauty had a peaceful day,
Nor eyes pure bosom had ever gone softer.

Her step was lightest in the evening dance,
When soft music rolled the heart away,
When all the world seem'd in a blissful trance,
Nor danced a pair more merrily and fleeter
To blast with icy breath in one brief year
A heart and form that had been so cherished
Free from the anger of a sigh of fear.

We left her in the bloom of health to meet
The stern destroyer in her sensibility,
To answer smiles that coldly will us greet
Where all the heart knit world wanted her to shine,
To bear within us home Georgian cold and deep,
And mourn'ries that will never, never sleep,
But not remitted watch and toil—and weep.

We left her, but to meet her here no more,
Her fair form lies in the cold grave of clay,
Her voice is hushed in the sweet tones
That bright eyes sank in death's obscure eclipse
No—not in vain we hold her to our heart,
And feel our pulses wildly, madly start,
To say farewell and part—forever part.

But not forget her—day and night around
Our distant home her spirit seem'd to bend,
Bringing to each and all familiar sound
That used in days of infancy to blend
With the sweet tone of her, so elevated and the rest.
Each sunny glade, each memory haunted spot,
All, all alike can no longer be forgot.

All things seem'll full of her, we sound but brought
To our lone hearts some echo of the past,
And day and night, and night and day wrought
A picture of the home her memory cast—
O'er each bright thought that came as angel grave,
Of Eden's self in hues of peacefulness and love
To find a home within each troubled breast.

But she departed with the Spring's first bloom,
And now she lies in the cold grave of clay,
Entire from all—save from the pall of gloom
Her sad departure left around our memory.
Wishering our hopes just in their budding bent,
When life and sweetness with all their charms
Seem'd cast around her like a tropical flower.

But rest thee, sister—in thy starry home;
We will not mourn for one so fair as you,
For what will thy watching spirit come
Like to a guardian angel to bless us aching brow,
And whisper to me as in days of old
Of women of beauty, and of dreams untold.

W. L. S.

Original Tales.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

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It is a sad thing for innocence to be linked to crime bonds with guilt. Even the tree of blighted and of friendship is often strong enough to cause honest men to swerve from the path of rectitude, and to say and do what their consciences condemn, for the purpose of screening others from merited punishment. What, then, can we expect from the selfish assertion of woman, and whom love is the motive!

A trial occurred some years ago in one of the Courts of Pennsylvania, in which the cruel consequences of such a concession were sadly illustrated. The prisoner was charged with forcibly robbing the mail, and of course his life was in jeopardy. He was defended with great zeal and ability, but the proof against him was overwhelming. One of the principal witnesses for the prosecution was an accomplice, who, to save himself, had turned State witnesses, that this miscreant's story was only needed to complete the chain of evidence. For this purpose he boldly and unblushingly necessary, and unless he received some credit from the jury, it was evident there could be no conviction. His testimony implicated several persons who had not been suspected, and created a great deal of excitement; but it was so consistent in itself, and so strongly corroborated in many points by other witnesses, that it had evidently carried conviction to the minds of the court and jury. The prisoner's counsel exhausted all their arts of ingenuity and of intimidation, without inducing him to vary in the slightest degree from his first statement—and they felt that their cause was hopeless. The truth was that this wretched witness, whose whole life had been established by repeated and crime, who had quenched the last spark of honor, and silenced the last throb of conscience (for he was no repentant sinner) in making up his mind to "turn States' Evidence," and thus save himself at the expense of his companions, had no longer any inducement to falsehood. Truth, in this case, answered his purpose, and he was aware that truth alone was sure of being consistent; he had therefore strictly adhered to it. Such was the position of the case, when the Court adjourned until afternoon.

The prisoner was conducted to his cell, and immediately after, several of the persons who had been referred to by the witnesses as accomplices, named Harris and Jones, sought admittance. The latter, being unacquainted with him, and relying on the strength of his walls and bolts, admitted them. As soon as they were alone, they fell on their knees before him in dreadful supplications, to threaten vengeance against their comrade who had betrayed them.

"But for his craven spirit," he exclaimed, "there would have been no dangers to you, or to him or to any of us. If I had dreamed of this, instead of being in Court to day, he should have been numbered among those who tell no tales."

"This is the last of his tales," said the other, fearfully.

"He lies!" said the prisoner, "he will tell one more, at least,—perhaps two; that will depend on whether you gentlemen are tried together or separately."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both together.

"Do you suppose," said the prisoner, "that the use of public justice, and the zeal of those who administer it will be satisfied with hanging me up by the neck? One out of half a dozen? It would be a great satisfaction to me, to be sure, if I could represent you all, and cancel four obligations as well as my own; but don't flatter yourselves with any such hope; your names have been publicly mentioned; they have you down in their books; and, you may rely upon it, as soon as they have disposed of me, they will call you both in a strict account."

"Their witness will be gone to his own account before that time," said Harris, with a grim smile.

"Yes! The balance shall be struck, and the final settlement closed between us and him this very night!" said Jones, joining in the savage merriment of his comrade.

"Not so fast," said the prisoner, "you are now sanitied, and talk like madmen. To the first place, you will not have the opportunity to do what you speak of, for this evening I am sure never was wanting in a careful regard for his health and safety; and in the second place, if the opportunity should offer, and your present fury continue, it would only be shortening your road to the platform which you will have to mount soon enough, as it is. Come, this will never do. Swindling, stealing, robbing the mail—I have become reconciled to all these; but I will abhor murder in all its forms. You may hide a purse and destroy a mail-bag, but human blood will cry up from the very ground against you."

"But to any nothing of vengeance," said the others, "it was your own fault, your own showing, requires us to close his mouth."

"There is a better way of proceeding," said the prisoner; "there is more credibility, and you save yourselves and me too."

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"No," said the other, "I never saw a man bound tighter than they have got you."

"Listen to me," said the prisoner. "If I am convicted, your accused will follow as a matter of course. The same testimony will be produced against you, and with the same result. But, suppose I should be acquitted? The credit of their principal witness will then be destroyed, and they will pursue the subject no further. By acquitting me, therefore, you will be saving yourselves."

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It would be impossible to express the anguish which wrung this noble woman's heart, as Harris made this terrible explanation; which, however, was not half so terrible as the truth.

"I well remember that night," she muttered to herself; "my husband's coming home at day-light in the morning, his strange wild and excited look, his bleeding wound, and his injunctions of secrecy. In my ignorance and dread I believed it; and had long banished the circumstance from my thoughts. After disgraceful as for my situation is," she continued, addressing Harris, "surely it can not be dangerous. When all is understood, you will only have many blame you for a self hardly think you deserve any very serious punishment."

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From the Monthlies.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

SINECURES;
Or, Parson Thacher's Day.

BY C. M. KIRKLAND.

The Reverend Sydney Smith makes himself exceedingly merry with the claims which he declares to be habitual among the clergy of his country, to the character of persecuted uninderstood martyrs. From military exploits to fasting for the faith. He says such experiences had always been very puzzling to him, until he remembered that the eight hundredth anniversary of the Church of England, had within a few years, been prosecuted for non-residence. So that the interpretation seemed to be that the reverend gentlemen had made a slight mistake between being persecuted for doing their duty, and being prosecuted for not doing it.

The spark from the anvil of the doughty old Smith, which has kept its triple-barbed flame to our sins of reputation, brought to mind a story which was told in my hearing once, by a lady from Connecticut. The event had not been told and done in New England since Miles Standish's time—an old friend of course. Not a name—not a date—not a place of residence—not a family connection—no one to branch of tree genealogical, is ever wanting in these narrations. And, what is singular, even that rare ingredient, truth, the desiderata to all romances, is always present to give zest to the whole, so that one need never to be afraid to give, suspicion, any of these essential ingredients, even though it be a fantastical court.

The little story I am about to tell is at fourth hand, yet none the less worthy of credence. It comes to the only witness known to New England, and we shall take leave to call it

PARSON THACHER'S DAY.

"When my brother K. was a little boy," said Mrs. ——, "his health was delicate, and he was sent into the country to school, and there he lived at a good old farm-house, one in the real old New England style, of which few specimens now remain. Here in the first cold weather of autumn, the family congregated about the kitchen fire, so as not to disturb the firmer parts which still remained the hearth of the large rooms. The young student from town was accommodated, on one side of the fire, with a little stand on which was placed his tallow candlestick, beside a dip candle with a wick an inch long, for the furtherance of his studies. Not being much disposed by the book under these circumstances, K. was wont to listen to the talk of an ancient dame who sat with a perennial fountain of knitting-work in a high-backed chair on the opposite side of the fire, discovering various hints and cautions upon a young clergyman lately ordained, and hoping he would be "kerried through," all the work that was before him in the ministry of that parish.

The young clergyman, city bred and only a guest at the farm-house, listened with deference and replied very satisfactorily in most of the old lady's remarks; but he could not be made to understand very clearly in what particulars he was likely to find his position more than usually difficult. He did not seem to think that he should be "kerried through," though he said so very modestly.

"Humph!" said the old lady, taking a space knitting needle from her work and, setting it gently under her cap with a reflective air,

"Did you ever hear about Parson Thacher's day, Mr. ——?" My mother could remember Parson Thacher, though he died in 1727. He was a man that had been to school and to college in this country; and that wasn't enough, but he must be sent to the old country, in the custom in them days,) yes, to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learning medicine and surgery, and not content with that, studied law besides."

Mr. Z. began to open his eyes at the enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments.

"Yes," continued the good lady, "and besides, he was a good preacher, and had he could use almost any tool. Well, he came back, and settled in this town and married Theodosia Fa., and she made him a good wife, and they lived very comfortably in their plain way."

"But," said the young clergyman, who began to feel a little confusion was the last to be world pupish, "I can scarcely see how Mr. Thacher's learning could be necessary to prepare his sermons."

He was scarcely seated when a woman of the neighborhood came in, almost breathless, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Thacher!"

"He is in his study, and cannot be disturbed on any account."

"Oh dear!" was the poor woman, "I don't know what I shall do, then, for our best cow's very sick, and nobody can't do nothing to help her. We've had Lorey, the cow-doctor and he can't tell what's the matter with her. What will become of us if we lose her?" Now we shall fall be lost to think of."

"Well, I can't possibly go now, but send word to Mr. Vose not to go to Boston till he sees me. I will call after dinner, and I'll go to the raising."

The satisfied the messenger, and the parson went on with about the "foolish" of his official calling.

Presently a violent rapping with a heavy end of a whip was heard at the door, and a farmer in some other entered off. Inquired for Mr. Thacher. Mrs. Thacher repeated the old excuse, but the farmer was not to be put off so easily. He insisted on the minister's wife going up and telling her husband that a man was below who must see him, being in great haste. Mrs. Thacher complied. Upon this, with many groans, the parson at length made his appearance, and learned that the man's existence had broken under a load of grievances, and he could do nothing without help.

"I will go with you, and do what you require," were her only words.

On their way to the Court House, Harris instructed her what to say, and how to conduct herself. When they arrived, they found that the counsel were already arguing the cause before the jury; but application was immediately made for permission to examine this new witness. It was strongly objected to.

"The witness comes too late," said the counsel for the prosecution. "Why was she not produced at the proper time? We thought that we had an opportunity to inquire into her character; but now the investigation has been regularly closed, and I protest against its being re-opened."

"This is the lady who was spoken of yesterday," said Harris, "and if there was any other lady here it would not ask you to do so. But as your motives will be pure, and the consequence, to save innocent men from an unjust punishment, what would otherwise be wrong, becomes under these circumstances, an act of heroic virtue. The witness who now comes forward is the only one who can clear me from the charge was unfounded, and that he would be honorably acquitted.

"On the contrary, madam," said Harris, "the charge is very clearly proved, and the universal opinion is that he will be found guilty."

"Surely that is not your opinion; you know him, and you do not believe him guilty of this crime?"

"Madam," said Harris, "I have here the notes of one of the counsel, whom will explain every thing."

He then read from these notes, (which he had borrowed for the purpose of corroborating his story,) the account of the acts which appeared to leave no doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Mrs. Duncan reiterated her expressions of astonishment at the same time. She was afraid of the charge

"I am sorry to add, madam," continued Harris, "that there is another part of this affair which concerns you and us still more nearly?" He then read from the notes that part of the testimony which implicated themselves and Duncan.

"Madam," said Harris, drawing his seat closer to hers, and lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I am extremely sorry to say any thing that may alarm you, or wound your feelings. But you must summon up all your resolution, for it is necessary that you should hear and understand me. You do not believe that your husband, or that we could ever have committed this infamous crime. Yes do us no more than justice. Morally we are as innocent as yourself. But a freak of folly has placed us all in a dangerous position. I will

HAIR DYE

Spanish Life.

EL COLL DE BALAGUER.

A Modern Catalonian Story.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

The road from Barcelona to Valencia passes over the skirt of a wooded and rocky ridge, known by the name of El Coll de Balaguer. The ascent is steep on the north side, and the Coll on the other; and at one point especially, where there is an elbow or projection of the cable, is of considerable extent, which appear to have become detached from the mass, and to have taken up the wrong way upwards, and that he was standing to take up the cable with the reverse side of the spoon. Antonio maintained that he had seen the cable in a vision, and at this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. It is the most frequent cause of many other savage quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless: for a person who accidentally sees a thing in a dream, was not, and to whom the matter was referred, could not be a competent witness in any case in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike, and nearly flat.

Three days after this absurd contention between Vencenzo Linares and his brother-in-law Dobs, the latter was found lying dead, with a deep wound in the abdomen, on the road near the Coll de Balaguer.

During the year 1832, a troop of strolling players had been performing with great success at Tarragona one of those Autos Sacramentales, or sacred plays, which excite great interest among the Spanish people, inasmuch as they always represent the miracle played with great exactness, aided by scenic illusion, of some of the most remarkable and exciting events recorded in the sacred writings. Among the characters to be personified and represented on the stage apparently in all their terrible reality, the unconscionable circumstances at which the company had enacted with so much éclat at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and in the hope of receiving the usual good fortune at Tortosa, they departed from the direct road which leads from the latter to the road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

The baggage, wardrobe, and other theatrical equipments of the company, were laden upon several mules, but the actor, one Fernando Garcia, who performed the part of St. John, preferred to carry one part of his costume himself.

Fernando Garcia was a short man, which was a main point for the effective representation of the principal character in the auto sacramental, and was also a good actor, especially in the scene of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, a bonafide, or leathern skin cap, was placed on the head of the actor of low stature, and sufficiently large to be closely fixed, by means of a spring, a false head imitating the head of a man, and the actor's dress was so arranged as to reach above, and cover the false head. The actor wore only the false one, which being struck off by the executioner on the stage, and placed apparently bleeding on a charger, had a most appalling and exciting effect upon the spectators.

New Fernando Garcia could not make up his mind to confide this precious colour, or head, to the common carriers, or mules of the theatrical success, to the care of a muleteer; for it was one of the most valuable, as well as most important articles the features painted and coloured with the most consummate skill.

That baleful system having at length been resisted in the most determined manner by the men of the Spanish people, the majority of its agents and abettors had either fallen in the various encounters between the constitutional forces and those of the Army of the Faith, or had emigrated to France, Italy and other countries, whilst considerable numbers dispersed themselves in the provinces and mountains of Spain, where they were generally regarded with suspicion and hatred, not unmingled with fear, in spite of their present position: for they knew the indelible stamp of beings who had been in the habit of perpetrating crimes of the very deepest dye, either in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or elsewhere but the monsters in human form who tortured their victims in secret could bear their shrieks for mercy or in discussing with the Army of the Faith had under its command, were, however, not cowardly, the whose words, actions, or even looks, could be distorted or misinterpreted so as to be made the subject of a suspicion.

This Vencenlas Uriate's habits were expensive; but the supine wisdom in favor in the military supplies was unknown: and although he had received all the usual forms of religion with scrupulous exactitude, and had, on that account, gained a certain reputation for piety in some quarters, he was generally looked upon as a dangerous man, from his own conscious experience, fearfully indicating that he was familiar with crime, ranged his ripe in unfounded comments; and he was very unpopular to the most furious bursts of passion in altercations with his associates, his vengeful glances causing the bystanders to tremble less they should be the object next to the direct of violent and tragical manner. Nor were their fears groundless; although the final blow may not be struck in their presence. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate this.

Some one having asked him how it was that he escaped a shot, he so seldom went out for a day's exercise without it, he replied, that it is necessary to undergo fatigue. Then, if you shoot it, you must run some little distance to pick it up; and you must alternately walk a long way if you wish to aid it. "Too much better to wait for a man: he comes of his own accord: and when you have killed him, all you have to do is to ransack his *alforjas* [saddle-bags.]

One day, however, he went to shoot wild fowl, accompanied with Antonio Pi Orbe, the contrabandista, or Los Alfaques, which are a cluster of small islands or banks near the mouth of the Ebro, thickly overgrown with tall reeds, and which afford shelter to great numbers of wild ducks and flamingoes. At the close of their day's sport, they entered a fisherman's hut in search of refreshment: but all they could obtain was a salad, cut into very small pieces, and, as is the custom in Catalonia, swimming in a profusion of liquid oddz, composed of water, salt, and vinegar.

Antonio, in helping his companion to some of the salad rather clumsily the roughly-fashioned wooden spoon with the handle which had proclined; for though he seemed to be aware of the cable, he in fact had considered scarcely any to his companion's plate; and Vencenlas insisted that he turned the spoon the wrong way upwards, and that he was endeavoring to take up the cable with the reverse side of the spoon. Antonio maintained that he had seen the cable in a vision, and at this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. It is the most frequent cause of many other savage quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless: for a person who accidentally sees a thing in a dream, was not, and to whom the matter was referred, could not be a competent witness in any case in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike, and nearly flat.

Three days after this absurd contention between Vencenlas Uriate and his brother-in-law Dobs, the latter was found lying dead, with a deep wound in the abdomen, on the road near the Coll de Balaguer.

During the year 1

The robber's guilty conscience raised up the most fatal lies against him; the bloodhound's keener livid, his mouth gaped widely, his parched tongue clove to the palate, and his whole aspect was horrible and terrific. In a minute or two, however, he made another desperate effort to escape; but, although incumbered in all the ragged paths, and agile in surmounting every obstacle when running at full pace, or in rapid flight with his booty, and with no trepidation, that his eloquence, so powerful, he managed amazingly. The honest, industrious John Gray, was dead! The ball had fallen almost at once up to the higher part of the Coil, and for that purpose sought at a short wind; and, as he fell, he cried out, "Oh! but the force of his desperate grasp, and the vitality of his constitution, gave him power to rise, and he fell stabbed, he, in his turn, struck the bloodhound again at the feet of the double-headed constellation, who had hotly pursued him.

"Avaunt, Satan! Touch me not, demonio!" cried John, recognising the sign of the cross. But his exertions had no effect upon the bold Fernando Guerra, or upon St. John the Baptist's head; for the former stood over him with the drawn dagger, crying out aloud at the same time for his comrades by the old name which natives are apt to adopt, and which an English sexton in like position would like calls for a host of demons to carry him to the realms of eternal torment; and the latter kept rolling his eyes frightfully.

The rest of the company hastened to the relief of Fernando on hearing his cries, and found him standing over John with the effect of fright and a smiling countenance. He was bound and taken to the nearest town, where he was searched in presence of the proper authorities. He wore a concave hair-cloth shirt; and there were found upon his person a rosary, a little book of prayers, and a sort of jacket, containing—according to a memorandum on the paper produced—most of which it was wrapped—some of the hair of St. Benedict. But he observed that he created a pendant of highly-tempered steel; and in a pouch were found bullets, each wrapped in a small piece of grained linen, and fitting the caliber. The prisoner also is five charges of fine gunpowder in a flat powder-horn.

The hypocritical and cruel murderer was not released to a state of abject cowardice by what he considered to have been a supernatural interposition, and even said that he was in the mansion of El Call de Salagrar.

"But," said the magistrate, "how could you dare to place the cross in the hands of your victims?"

"It is no great matter," replied the reckless murderer, "to kill the body; but to destroy the soul is an abominable crime! I adorned their hands with crosses, and I prayed fervently that they might be spared some days of purgatory. I placed in their hands, immediately after their death, crosses upon which I had previously consecrated a blessing, in order that, if they were not in a state of grace, they might at all events repulse the devil! But there he is! I see him! I see him now!" he cried, in perceiving that Fernando Garcia advancing with his two hands, in order to show the magistrate how it was that his life had been saved.

"If there be so! Avaunt, Satanos! avaunt!" muttered the wretched assassin, and he fell into a swoon, after some violent convulsions.

He was tried by the proper tribunals, sentenced to death, and executed; and the brave little comedian had reason to rejoice for the remainder of his days at the practical proof which had been afforded of the firm persuasion of the truth of the old saying, that two *cards* are better than one.

It is almost needless to add, that the auto department was witnessed at Tarragona, and other places, with increased interest by the thousands who flocked to the theatre when it was represented, in consequence of the superior part the head had performed in the drama at the Coll de Balaguer, and in bringing to justice the monstrous Venerable Uriarte.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, and one of the last seven numbers of Saturday Post for one year, and one of the last seven.

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Advertisements inserted on the usual terms.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the present Post Office Law, Postmasters are authorized to frank communications relative to the publication of newspapers. By the new law which goes into operation on the 1st of July next, this privilege is abolished.

We hope, therefore, that our friends, who are in arrears, will forward the amount of their subscriptions. Persons proposing to become subscribers to the Post, may also as well avail themselves of the short period left between the time and July.

☞ A person calling himself A. P. Bates, has been soliciting subscriptions for periodicals and newspapers in Tennessee and elsewhere. He is not authorized, nor ever was to solicit subscriptions for any work published at this office. Except from the regular agents, when copies are published in our paper, persons should always require a written certificate of agency to be shown before subscribing.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Post of this day contains an item of intelligence, which is of such a nature that it will most probably have been anticipated in all our readers, except those at points extremely isolated. The death of a man who has filled so large a place in the world's eye as Andrew Jackson died—a man of whom it might be truly said that he could not find retirement,—is an event to fly with the suddenness of electricity. The whole country was prepared by his long illness to hear of it—and yet it fell with shock, as if it had been unexpected.

What mystery is this in our natures? Why is it that we can even hang upon the bedside of a dying friend, and wait and watch the flickering breath, in an agony of expectation that every respiration will be the last, and yet, when death comes, start back and scream, with a degree of that terrified astonishment with which Eve looked upon the pleated eye of Abel! It is a mystery. Life is a mystery—Death a greater. Life can answer our questions, though vaguely—Death is silence.

It is a mystery which all must tempt. It is the one thing sure to mortal beings. It is the certain end to all our journies. No matter whether the hazel breaks or holds, we are hurried more or less.

Hearts like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the words of the Mendelssohn requiem—" Dust unto dust—to this all must !" Do we think of this?

The poet says—"Death loves a shining mark." Providence, in whose hand death is an instrument, when the lofty one is taken, always, seems to the humble, to love, not to honor, are no protection. Death is impartial.

Funereal testimonies to the memory of the departed will be paid every where. It is fitting they should. It is due alike to his memory and to our country. In all this, however, let every one recollect that the honors we pay are due to himself. As surely as men say now of him—*He is dead*—so surely will the same three-tittle words one day find the place of your person and presence upon earth.

Let us live then as dying men—not sinking into slaughtered, but nearing life eternal, remembering that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

GREAT INVENTION.

The United States Gazette announces an invention, which, if it answer the expectations of its friends, will prove one of the most truly useful of the century. It is a "National Safety Guard," the object of which is to prevent locomotives, cars, &c. from running off the track, and in the event of an axle breaking, to save further damages. Residents to the whole economically. The cost of applying it to railroads already in use will not exceed, we understand, the ordinary expenses of repairs, &c. And on the contrary, will serve to lessen them; besides having a tendency to keep animals off the track. The agent, it is said, can also be continued to oil inside as usual, of course, with perfect safety to life and property.

NEWSPAPERS.

We believe we speak within the bounds of an average degree of justice and Christian charity, when we say that at least six in ten of the newspaper editors and conductors, throughout the length and breadth of this country, are guilty of habitual indirect violations, retailers of astounding facts, and dealers of overwhelming generalities, and of his acute and excellent perception of the good and beautiful in art and in nature, was felt in the general diffusion over the whole land, and in the hearts of thousands by a large circle, to whom his loss will never be repaired.

Mr. Leslie was still, as years are counted, in the prime of life, being only in his 41st. year; and his physical powers had become wasted and reduced by long labor, and by a mind never perhaps to re-manipulate his mind, and render his taste for art more exquisite, and his judgment more severe, by the constant companion of the artists; and had accumulated around him, in the narrow limits to which his circumstances were confined, a collection of works of certs, unexcelled in value by that of any private gentleman in this country. He had just been elected Professor of Drawing at the Royal Arts, a choice which shows the appreciation in which his taste and liberality were held.

Mr. Carey was the son of the late Matthew Carey, Esq. of this city. Like his father's his name is inscribed with the history of literature and philanthropy, and in its records appears the names

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
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We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

ANECDOTES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, is the title and subject of one volume of Parley's Cabinet Series.—Among all the studies for youth Natural History is one of the best. It teaches mercy and consideration for the subjects of that great realm, over which man has dominion, but which he has no right to abuse, either through cruelty or mere caprice. There is no better way to inculcate kindness to animals than by showing what claims they possess upon our thoughts, and how richly they repay our attentive study and attention. To say that Peter Parley had *not* done this well, would be to offer something new to the reader—but in this particular we have, to-day no news. *Zieber & Co.* have the book.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL BIBLE. The thirtieth number of Harpers' new Pictorial Bible has been received by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Zieber & Co.*. This magnificent volume is now more than half completed; and it is earnestly to be hoped that its wide circulation, in so beautiful a form, will beguile many into a knowledge of its letter and spirit, who have hitherto been unacquainted with the one, and unattentive to the other. The Messrs. Harpers will live as household benefactors by this publication, long after the time when their names might otherwise have been forgotten. It is the work by which their house will be remembered.

OCEAN WORK, *Ancient and Modern. By J. Hall Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia. G. S. Appleton.* Really Shakespeare should have included the sea in his mention of places containing things undreamed of in "your philosophy." We had no fancy, till we glanced over this little book, that such a "spirit" and amusement could be called from the "vasty deep," and the author has not only called, but it has come at his calling. The book is by the author of "Breakfast Table Scenes," and is a most excellent companion for that little work.

LARDNER'S LECTURES. *New York: Greely & McElrath. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson*, and *Zieber & Co.* The Fourth Part of this publication is illustrated with an engraving of a Lunar Crater, done in a very superior manner, and another in the same style of "Tycho at the Full Moon." Other illustrations accompany and add interest to the number. Of the manner in which the subjects embraced are treated, many of our readers may be fully aware, from having heard the Lecture, or read the preceding parts.

SATANSTOE. *New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson.* We are not prepared to speak critically of the inside of this book—but the paper cover strikes us as slight. Satanstoe should be done up in leather at the very least, if not sent to a blacksmith. Of the appreciation of Cooper abroad see new testimony in our correspondent's letter from Frankfort. There is no doubt whatever that this book is a readable one—since the author has written but one that is not.

ILLUMINATED SHAKSPEARE. Another double number of this magnificent work has made its appearance, and in the character of its embellishments is fully equal to its predecessors. The illustration of this work does Mr. Hewett's burin a great deal of credit; and the notes prepared and arranged by Gulian C. Verplanck, are a testimony to his erudition.

CHRISTIAN WORLD. *Edited by T. H. Stockton.* We have received the Second Quarterly part of the new issue of this work, and find it well filled with a great variety of original matter and Religious Intelligence, domestic and foreign.

MR. WILLIS'S NEW BOOK.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Willis's new book, "Dashes at Life with a free Pencil," is travelling off with rapidity almost unexampled. It will be followed by a re-publication of his Romance of Travel.

Casualties.

DISASTER AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The whaling ship Maria Theresa, Capt. Fisher, which sailed from New Bedford on the 1st of May, for the Indian Ocean, returned again on the 9th inst., having had her first officer, a boat-steerer and three of her men washed overboard in a W. N. W. gale of the 14th, in which the ship was thrown on her beam ends. Capt. Fisher and four of the crew were also washed overboard at the same time, but succeeded in regaining the ship. The following are the names of the persons lost:—Benjamin Golden, first mate, of New Bedford; Henry J. Tucker, boat-steerer, of Cambridge, Oliver C. Roberts, of Grafton, N. H., Wm. H. Albright, of Bethlehem, N. Y., and William Gage, of Buffalo, N. Y., seamen.

☞ During the thunder storm of Tuesday week, the hotel of Mr. Samuel Colp, at Barren Hill, on the Ridge Turnpike Road, was struck by lightning, and his son, Wm. Colp, a young married man, was killed while sitting in the bar-room. He was leaning back against the wall—no other persons were hurt, nor was the building injured, except that the top of the chimney and the mantel in the bar-room were demolished.

☞ The Maysville (Ky.) Eagle says: We learn by a gentleman just from Nicholas county, that Mr. Jonathan Parish, of that county, accidentally shot his wife with a gun one day last week. Mr. P. had recently purchased the gun and brought it home loaded. He was picking at the lock which had gotten out of order, when the gun went off. The ball entered the lady's body and she died in twelve hours afterwards.

New York City.

EMIGRANTS.—The New York Express states that the number of emigrants arrived in that city, for the week ending the 10th of June, 1845, is 2,230—for the month ending the same date, 8,285. Of these 5,907 were Irish. Of these, 120 sailed from London; 262 from Dublin; 150 from Glasgow; 244 from Belfast, and the remainder from Liverpool. From France, via Havre, the arrivals of steerage passengers up to the same period, were 1,318; from various continental ports, 1,156, viz: Rotterdam 387, Hamburgh 66, Antwerp 78, Bremen 625. Total number of steerage passengers arrived from Europe in the moth ending June 10th, 1845, 9,441.

☞ There are 391 periodicals published in the State of New York. Of these there are 13 daily, 6 semi-weekly, 2 tri-weekly, and 83 weekly Whig newspapers. There are 8 daily, 3 semi-weekly and 95 weekly Democratic papers. There are 9 daily, 5 semi-weekly, 1 tri-weekly and 83 weekly papers which are neutral, religious, literary, &c. There are 2 daily and 1 weekly Native papers in the State.

☞ The number of Colleges in the State of New York is 12; Students, 985; of Academies and Grammar Schools, 501; Scholars, 34,563; of Primary and Common Schools, 10,871, Scholars, 501,156; Scholars at Public Charge, 26,268. There are 48,715 white persons over twenty years of age who cannot read and write.

☞ The members of the bar in New York have raised by subscription nearly one thousand dollars, for the relief of the widow and family of the late Rivers S. Wilson. They were left in a most destitute condition, which is now happily alleviated by this most praiseworthy generosity.

☞ The New York Historical Society are not without supporters in the scheme of new naming the United States, if we may credit the Broadway Journal. A new sign has recently been hung out in the upper part of Broadway, bearing this startling inscription:—"*The Alleghania. Best of Liquors three cents per glass.*" This is the most encouraging sign for the Alleghanians that we have met with. An Alleghanian "smasher" for three cents is cheap enough. The proprietor will reckon, as a matter of course, on the entire patronage of the amateurs in national nomenclature.

☞ The New York Sun says that an enterprising citizen, Mr. Charles Whitson, on the 1st of May last established a new line of omnibusses to Yorkville and Hurlgate ferry; reducing the fare to 6¼ cents. The line become very popular. Last week, some villain managed to get at the trough, in which the horses drank, and poisoned the water. Thirty-six horses drank of it, and they have all become sick. Seven of them have died. The owners of the other line have offered two hunred dollars reward for the detection of the perpetrator.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER FOURTEEN.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN GERMANY—SEVERE COLD AND DISTRESS OF THE POORER CLASSES—THE FRANKFORT FAIR—THE "EAGLE'S NEST."

Frankfort on the Main, March 26, 1845.

I have just seen in the window of a book-store here, the first number of a translation of Bancroft's History of the United States, published by Wigand; in Leipzic. I am very glad of it, as there is no good history of America in German, and notwithstanding every body has heard of it, the people are in a state of the greatest ignorance concerning its condition. We have often difficulty in convincing intelligent, educated men, that we are more than half civilized. Thanks to Cooper and Irving, they know we are far enough advanced to have authors; I doubt if these two are much better known, or more universally admired at home than in Germany. Nearly every body reads Cooper, and by many he is preferred to Scott. I have met with most enthusiastic admirers of Irving also, and from these two authors the people seem to derive their ideas of our country. All changes go on so slowly with them, that they seem to think the half-civilized, half-Indian life of the Pioneers, or Last of the Mohicans, still prevails to a great extent. They are beginning to learn better, partly through the great increase of Americans, who travel, and partly from the important stand our literature is taking. Prescott's Histories have also been published here; and Bandry's English editions of him and Bancroft, published at Paris, are often met with, but under the head of *British* authors. The "Life and Remains of Margaret M. Davidson," by Irving, has lately been published here, and is read with the greatest interest. Bartlett's Views of North America, with descriptions by Willis, has also appeared, and it excites the greatest admiration, particularly in Frankfort, where the brother of the latter, Richard S. Willis, is beginning to be known by his great musical genius. Of our poets, they know but little, except through a few translations from Bryant, Longfellow, and Percival. Freiligrath, the young poet, who was so lately banished on account of his political opinions, translated many of Longfellow's poems, and expressed his intention to translate those of Willis also, but his present situation will probably prevent it.

The promise of spring which I gave in my last letter, was not destined for fulfilment. Shortly afterwards, it grew very cold again, and we have had nearly ever since a succession of snows and sharp northerly winds. Such weather at the commencement of spring is not uncommon at home; but here they say there has not been such a winter known for 150 years. In addition to this, they forebode an inundation of the rivers, from the great quantity of snow among the mountains. In the Taunus the ways were almost blocked up, and in Munich, which lies very high and exposed to the Alpine winds, it was ten or fifteen feet deep. In the north of Prussia many persons have been starved to death on account of provisions becoming scarce. Among the Harz also, the suffering is very great. It is sad to think of it: we can even see something of the misery here. It is painful to walk through the streets and see so many faces bearing plainly the marks of want, so many pale, hollow-eyed creatures, with suffering written in every feature, and to be assailed with petitions for help which cannot be relieved, though it pains and saddens the heart to deny. And to see the women, too! how they labor like brutes, day after day. I can never get used to it—there is something so revolting to humanity in the sight. Still, many of them appear cheerful and contented, and are no doubt happy, for the Germans have all true, warm hearts, and are faithful to one another; but one cannot see old, gray-headed women, carrying loads on their heads as heavy as themselves, exposed to all kinds of weather, and working from morning till night, without pity and indignation.

So unusually severe has been the weather, that the deers and hares in the mountains near, came nearly starved and tamed down by hunger, into the villages to hunt food. The people fed them every day, and also carried grain into the fields for the partridges and pheasants, who would fly up to them like domestic fowls. The poor ravens made me really sorry; they lay dead in the fields, and came in the city perfectly tame, flying along the Main with wings hardly strong enough to bear up their skeleton bodies. The storks came at the usual time, but went back again. I hope the year's blessing has not departed with them, according to the old German superstition.

However, we have hopes of spring at last.—Three days ago the rain began and we have had it with little intermission till now. The air is warm and the snow goes fast, and every thing seems to announce that the long winter is breaking up. The Main rises fast, and goes by the city like an arrow, whirling large masses of ice upon the banks, though there is reason to hope the flood will not be as great as was anticipated. The hills around are coming out from under the snow, and the lilac-buds in the promenades, begin to open for the second time.

The Fair has now commenced in earnest, and it is one of the most singular and interesting sights I ever beheld. The open squares are filled with booths, leaving narrow streets between them. Across the passages canvass is spread, and every booth is open and filled with a dazzling display of wares of all kinds. Merchants assemble from all parts of Europe, and each hangs out a gay sign with his name and residence. The Bohemians come with their gorgeous crystal ware; the Nurembergers with their toys, quaint and fanciful as the old city itself; men from the Thuringian forest, with minerals and canes, and traders from Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Switzerland, with dry goods and wares of all kinds. Near the Exchange are two or three companies of Tyrolese, who attract a great deal of my attention. Their costume is exceedingly picturesque. The men have all splendid manly figures, and honor and bravery are written on all their countenances. One of the girls is a really handsome mountain maiden, and with her pointed, broad-brimmed black hat, as romantic looking as one could desire. The musicians have arrived, and we are entertained the whole day long by wandering bands, some of whom play very finely. The best, as well as the favorite company, is from Saxony, and is called "The Mountain Boys." They are now playing in our street, and while I write, one of the beautiful choruses from Norma comes up through the din of the crowd. In fact, music is heard over the whole city, and the throngs that fill every street, with all sorts of faces and dresses, somewhat relieve the monotony that was beginning to make Frankfort tiresome.

We have an ever-varied and ever-interesting scene from our window. Beside the motley crowd of passers-by, there are booths and tables stationed below, and one man in particular is busily engaged in selling his store of blacking in the auction style, in a manner that would do credit to a real Down-easter. He has flaming certificates exhibited, and prefaces his calls to buy with a high-sounding description of its wonderful qualities. He has a bench in front, where he tests it on the shoes of his customers, or if none of these are disposed to try it, he tries it on his own which glance like mirrors. So he rattles on with amazing fluency in French, German and Italian, and this, with his black beard and moustache, and his polite graceful manners, keeps a crowd of customers around him, and the wonderful blacking goes off as fast as he can supply it.

Many of the booths are filled with the most beautiful fancy articles. Some of them have the regular price, nine kreuzers, about 6 cents, for every article, and it is astonishing how many things they furnish for this price. There are very large booths, entirely with jewelry, real and counterfeit; others with glass or porcelain, and a great number with toys, but the trade in pipes and shoes exceeds all the rest. The former article is furnished almost by millions. Some of them are of very fine porcelain with beautiful paintings upon them, and one can have them of all prices, from 9 kreuzers to a hundred florins or more. There are also great quantities of tin and wooden ware. In the Parade Platz, a group of tents are pitched, with conjurors, panoramas, marionetts, &c., and it is the greatest amusement to walk there and observe the many ridiculous scenes that occur. The city is filled with organ-grinders, Savoyards with monkeys and dancing dogs, and the streets show such an animation and bustle, that they can scarcely be recognized.

I heard a few nights ago another of the old German operas—"The Eagle's Nest," by Gloeser. It is singular none of these simple and beautiful works have found their way out of Germany, and still more so, that they are not oftener given here. Frankfort, is at present almost the only place where they are heard. I saw a few weeks ago, Winter's "Interrupted Sacrifice," and was delighted with its simple and exquisite beauty, but this last one far excels it. The principal character is Rosa, a peasant girl, among the Giant's Mountains, who having been secretly married to a forester who afterwards deserted her, is obliged to keep her infant concealed among the mountains. Finally, having disclosed her history to the kind old landlord she was living with, they were about setting out to visit it when the peasants came in terror from the mountains, and a large eagle was seen bearing off the child in its claws. When the mother recovered, she set off alone to seek the eagle's nest, which was at the top of an almost inaccessible precipice, while the peasants all fell on their knees. Their hymn as she was seen ascending the rocks was thrillingly beautiful. The third act opens with the summit of the mountain, rocks and clouds all around, in the back-ground a thunder-storm, and in front a huge rock, on which was the eagle's nest. Then came the hunter, climbing up from below, unconscious of the eagle's spoil, and sheltered himself from the storm among the rocks. Soon after appeared the daring mother, exhausted, and ascended a rock overhanging the precipice. They recognized each other, and she told him, in agony, of her child; but he could not fire without danger of striking it also. Just then a tree that stood on the rock was shivered and fell across the chasm. The mother crossed over on this frail bridge, the eagle raised itself up and the hunter shot. While she poured out her song of joy at the rescue of her child, the chorus of peasants was heard far below, coming gradually nearer and nearer as they ascended the mountain. It was full of feeling and beauty.

I saw last night, Spohr's great opera of "Faust." It is a master-piece of its kind; full of power, though its similarity to Mozart's "Don Juan," was rather too striking. The continued struggle of Faust between the good and evil principle was exceedingly well portrayed, and many passages were sweet and touching almost to a painful degree. It is an enjoyment I cannot describe, to hear such glorious works.

J. B. T.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order to all officers in the Naval service of the United States, to afford every assistance in their power, in case of need, to the commanders of her Britannic Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror, who are proceeding to make a further attempt for the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

☞ We are informed, says the Arkansas Intelligencer of the 24th ult., that a Court Martial will sit at Fort Smith, on the 2d proximo, to investigate certain charges preferred against Col. Harney, of the Dragoons. What are the charges we have not learned. Many distinguished officers of the Army will be present.

Fires.

☞ The Pittsburg Post says:—"One of our most worthy citizens has been burnt out no less than *four* times within the last two months. He was one of the many hundreds who suffered on the 10th of April; on the 27th of May, he was again caught in the fire on Seventh street; from there he moved to Brighton, Beaver County, where his ill luck appeared to follow him, and he was again burnt out by the fire that occurred in that place. Since then he has been purchasing things to make another start, and we understand they were all consumed in one of the buildings that was burnt on Penn street, on Tuesday morning."

DREADFUL FIRE AT PROVIDENCE.—A disastrous fire occurred in Providence on Saturday last. It broke out in the planing works on Fox street, about half past one o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes the whole edifice was in flames; nothing was saved, so rapid was the progress of the fire. It communicated to several adjoining buildings, and before it could be arrested, destroyed the manufactory of Thurston, Green & Co., a barn south of the planing works, and a dwelling house. The total loss, it is supposed, will exceed $60,000, and about 150 men are thrown out of employment.

GREAT FIRE.—The village of Ithaca, New York, has again been the scene of a destructive fire, the work of an incendiary. It took place on Tuesday morning week, and extended over nearly all the square bordered by Cayuga, Oswego, Geneva and Green streets. Twelve buildings burned, besides barns and other out-buildings in the centre of the square. Loss about $12,350—insured about $5,750 in the New York Contributionship, Etna, Hartford and Saratoga Companies. Three persons have been arrested and are in jail. The Trustees offer $500 reward for the discovery of the incendiaries.

☞ On Sunday week a fire broke out in the frame buildings on the north-west corner of Main and Court streets. Several persons suffered considerable injury by the fire and water. Messrs. Raymond & Valette, hatters, suffered loss to extent of about $400—covered by insurance; S. H. Parvin & Co., hatters, about $400—insured; Samuel Burdsal, druggist, about $2,000—insured for $1,500; Mr. McClosky, saddler, $300—insurance uncertain; Mr. Baldwin, painter, $300 to $400—no insurance. The fire originated in the tailor shop.

FIRE IN PITTSBURG.—A fire occurred, on Tuesday week in Pittsburg, in Brewery Alley, between Liberty and Penn streets, which consumed five frame dwelling houses, and several shops and stables—owned by Messrs. Flood & McCullough; the Pittsburg Brewery and S. McClean's brick dwelling were materially injured.

☞ The Academy of Fine Arts has been a second time fired, but the building is not yet destroyed. A reward of $300 is offered for the detection of the villains.

GREAT FIRE IN FAYETTEVILLE.—A fire occurred in Fayetteville, N. C., on the 18th instant, which reduced one half of the town to ruins. It originated in the warehouse of D. & W. McLaurin. Among the names of the sufferers we observe Charles Lutterloh, E. Fuller, D. A. Kay, J. W. Tillinghast, Mott & Briggs, H. Leete, A. W. Steel, W. Prior, W. M'Gary, J. D. Williams, John Waddle, Jr., J. D. Starr, E. J. Lilly, J. Kyle, and estate of J. McArn. Both bookstores and both printing offices were burned.

"DICKENS' PLACE" BURNT OUT.—A fire occurred in New York on Thursday night week. All the property destroyed lay between Orange and Mulberry streets, in the immediate neighborhood of the Five Points—well known as the great sink of iniquity into which all the sewers of immorality in New York pour whatever is loathsome and vile. The celebrated dancing den of Pete Williams, which Dickens visited when in that city, was burnt to ashes.

☞ On Tuesday evening a fire was designedly set, in Spring Garden, which destroyed three three story brick buildings, in Green street near Thirteenth. Two of them were unfinished, and were entirely destroyed. The third was tenanted and sustained much damage in the roof and upper story. The property belonging to Mr. James Davis, Lumber Merchant.

☞ The Neats-foot oil manufactory of Mr. Wetherald, at Wilmington, Delaware, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night week.

VANDALISM.

The destruction of the Panorama of Athens, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the firing of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, are examples of Vandalism which could hardly have been dreamed of in this century. The Vandals destroyed the trophies of art in their ignorance, and while exasperated by resistance, and elated by victory. These modern wretches, without any conceivable excitement or motive, have effected in their wanton and purposeless wickedness, the destruction of invaluable works, which can never be replaced.

Our notice of the fire at the Academy, in our last, was necessarily brief. We subjoin, to-day some notice of the paintings and other works saved and lost; premising that nothing like a full and accurate account can be given, until the officers of the Academy have time to examine, and make a report. It is earnestly to be hoped that the lovers of art, and the whole public—as all are interested, will come forward, to make up, so far as it can be done by money, and the purchase of other works of art, the great loss which has been sustained.

The large and splendid group in the centre of the rotunda, representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, by J. Lough, was fortunately uninjured.

Gilbert Stuart's celebrated full length portrait of Washington was torn or cut from the frame, and was thus saved, but somewhat injured.

Murillo's much admired picture of the Roman daughter who nourished her father, when condemned to be starved to death in the Tullian prison, was entirely destroyed. This picture was highly valued, and formerly belonged to King Charles the Fourth, of Spain, by whom it was given to Godoy, the Prince of Peace. It was purchased by the Academy, from Mr. Meade, American Consul at Valencia.

Carlo Lotti's painting of the Temptation of Adam and Eve was saved, with but little injury.

The "Miracle at Cana—water turned into wine," was injured but saved.

Salvator Rosa's landscape, Mercury endeavoring to deceive Argus while watching Io, is missing, as are four pictures of The Seasons, by Angelica Kauffman, and probably destroyed. Several other paintings of minor importance, which were with the above in the rotunda, are also missing.

In the North gallery, West's great painting of Death on the Pale Horse, was only rescued from destruction by being torn from the frame. It is much injured but may be repaired.

The Adoration, supposed to be by Rubens, was also injured.

Wm. Hayden's large painting of Christ entering Jerusalem, was also torn from the frame, and saved in a damaged state; the injuries are not very great.

Le Brun's painting of Time flogging Cupid; F. Mans' River Scene and Village Revel; Sully's Group of Children, and Raphael's Fareno, the latter a copy, are missing.

Washington Allston's large and fine painting of the Dead Man restored to Life, by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha, was saved by being stripped from the frame, and but slightly injured.

L. Carrachi's Judith with the Head of Holofernes is missing, as are also Sully's Kean, as Richard the Third; Sully's Fanny Kemble, as Juliet; an old Head by Salvator Rosa, and several other pictures in this room, of minor value.

David's picture of Samson and Delilah was supposed at first to be lost, but was afterwards recovered.

A large number of the paintings, busts and casts in the Directors' room are missing, and many have probably been entirely destroyed. Among the latter is a copy of Titian's Mistress, belonging to J. G. Morris, Esq.; a Madonna and Child, belonging to Paul Beck's trust, and a portrait of Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburg, painted by Sir H. Raeburn, and owned by the Academy.

The Antique Statue Gallery suffered the most, and the destruction here was truly deplorable. Nearly all the beautiful castes and statues were destroyed, producing a loss to the Academy and artists and the public, which can never perhaps be repaired. Canova's beautiful statues of the Graces, the Bust of Napoli, Lough's Colossal Cast of Milo, Laocoon and his Sons, Venus de Medici, Apollo Belvidere, The Dying Gladiator, and, as stated, all or nearly all the splendid castes and models from the antique and the celebated masters of the world, which adorned this Gallery, have been reduced to a mass of ruins.

SANTA ANA.

Our last news give conclusive intelligence of the result of the proceedings against Santa Ana. He arrived at Havana on the 7th inst., having been banished from Mexico. His passage was made in the British steamer Medway, and with his family, he was to proceed to Venezuelas. The decree of banishment commanded an absence of ten years, but his private property was respected; he had with him a large amount of money, and was in good health and spirits. The Habaneros showed him every demonstration of respect, escorting him to his lodgings with bands of music; while Bustamente, who arrived a day or two afterward, on his way to Mexico was hardly noticed.

It is stated that all anticipations of war between the United States and Mexico had subsided—and a strong practical evidence that such was the case, is the fact that the Neptuna, the property of the Mexicans, had been ordered to New York to refit, which would of course not have been done if the owners were apprehensive of such an event. The French Legation had been insulted in the streets of Vera Cruz; and the Minister had instantly demanded reparation for the indignity, or the alternative of furnishing him with his passports.

☞ A lady residing near Grand Rapids, has determined to visit the Chinese in the character of a gospel missionary, and application to that effect has been made to the Board of Foreign Missions, which will probably aid her in the design to Christianize this extraordinary people.

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The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

650 shares	Reading R. R.	27
150 do.	Wilmington R. R.	18¼
41 do.	Girard Bank,	8¼
25 do.	Lehigh Stock,	15
20 do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	57
15 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	108
12 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	42½
9 do.	Commercial Bank, Natchez,	17½
$2000	U. States Bank Notes,	72½
$3000	Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	83½
$16,200	Penna. 5's, B5	75½a75¾
$10,000	Penna 5's, 5ds	75¾
$15,000	Penna 5's,	75¾
$10,000	Penna 5's,	75¾

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—No sales of quercitron; 1st No. 1 is held at $22. *Coffee*—This article has been very quiet, and the only sale reported is a lot of common Rio at 6¼c, 6 mos, to go out of the market. *Cotton*—The past three days the demand has become more limited, but prices have not varied, and holders appear very firm in their views. Sales are in all about 350 bales, mostly uplands. Middling fair at 6¼a6⅞c, and New Orleans and Mobile at 7a7½c, on the usual terms. *Fish*—Mackerel go off freely in lots from store at $12,25, 11,50 and $7 for the three numbers. Stocks continue very light. *Fruit*—Sales are limited to the usual retail demand from store. *Flour and Meal*—There has not been much animation in the flour market since the close of last week, and sales only to a moderate extent have been made for export at $4,25 for common and fair mixed brands, and $4,44a4,50 for good and selected brands and fresh ground, a cargo of which sold at the latter rate. The retail demand is also quite moderate, and prices range from $4,25a5, including common and fancy brands. Rye flour dull, and held at $3,00. Corn Meal—Stocks are much reduced, and sales to some extent were made at $2,15 for Pa., including about 900 bbls at $2,18½, which is an advance. *Grain*—Receipts of wheat are quite light, and the demand rather better.—Sales of several parcels Pa. reds, afloat and in store, at 90a95c for inferior to fair; 98c for prime, and 102c for red and white mixed. Rye—Pa. sold at 59a60c. Corn—Sales of southern yellow at 43a43½c, and Pa. round at 45c. Oats are in demand—several cargoes southern sold at 31a32. The market has been rather more quiet. *Lead*—The market is firm; we notice a sale at $3,72½, 6 mos; holders generally ask $3,75. *Molasses*—There is no change since last week, and the only transaction we find to notice is a sale of 130 hhds Porto Rico, on landing, at a price not public. In *Naval Stores* and *Oils* there is not much doing, and no alteration whatever in prices. *Plaster* is rather better demand; sales at $2,37½a2,50.—*Provisions*—Further sales of pork at $13,25 and 10,75 for mess and prime, 4 mos. Bacon is firm at 6a6½, 7a7½c, and 7½a8½c for shoulders, sides and hams. Lard—Sells as wanted at 8a8½c, as in quality. Rice—Small sales at $3,75 the 100 lbs. Salt—None in first hands. *Seeds*—Little or nothing doing in either clover or flaxseed, and prices without change. *Sugar*—The market without animation; sales of fair New Orleans at 6a5½c, and white Brazil at 8½c, all 6 mos. *Whiskey* is dull; we quote bbls 20½a21c, hhds 20c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—At market 975 head of beef cattle, including 300 from Ohio. 900 head, including 600 for New York, sold at $5a6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—212 offered—Sales of dry cows at $6a12; springers $10a18, and milch cows $15a25 each. Sales of Jersey calves on the Delaware at $4a4,50, and Pa. do at the yards $3,50a4 per 100 lbs, live weight. Swine—600 were offered, and 350 sold, at $4,75a5,25. Sheep and Lambs—1800 offered; sales at $1,50a4,50, and lambs at $1,25a3 each.

New York, June 16.—At market, 1100 beef cattle, 875 from the south, 80 cows and calves, and 1500 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—The market last week was unusually dull, and the transactions were smaller than they have been for three months past. Buyers were very backward, and of the comparatively small offering 850 remain unsold. Holders, notwithstanding, still hold out for, and in some instances have succeeded in obtaining last week's prices, which we accordingly resume: for inferior and middling qualities, $5 to 5,50; superior $6,75, and a few extra at $7. Cows and Calves—Prices have experienced a considerable decline; we quote $13a25 to $28—all sold. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep $1,25a2,50 to $3,25—a decline of 25c on the prices of last week.

Baltimore, June 13.—Beef Cattle—There were 560 head beef cattle offered at the scales on Monday. The sales were 212 head, at $2a3 per 100 pounds on the hoof, equal to $4a5,75 nett, which is a considerable decline on last week's quotations. 177 head were left over unsold, and 111 head driven to Washington and Philad. Seventy head of those left over have since been sold at $2a2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4a5,25 nett, according to quality. The remainder are still in market, unsold. Hogs—Sales have been making at $4,50 to $5 per 100 lbs. The average operations, however, have been at $4,87½.

Richmond, June 12.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a2,75; nett $5,50a6, according to quality.—Mutton—2a2½c, nett, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Veals from $3 to 8, according to size and quality.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contain nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 3d to the 16th June.

June 3, received from			
Capt. P. Gaffney	$1 25	J. H. Thurlow	4 00
Capt. N. D. Beasley	1 25	J. M. Newton	1 50
B. W. Burns	5 00	W. T. Lyon	1 25
J. W. Lewis	10 00	C. Bolie	4 00
J. B. Wathen	2 00	S. B. Roberts	2 00
N. Speers	2 00	G. Helmbold	2 00
Miss H. Young	2 00	L. Cooley	2 00
Prof. A. F. Ross	5 00		
June 4.			
S. R. Pierce	5 00	J. Garner	2 00
H. P. Coe	2 00	S. F. Abbott	2 00
Jane Burson	7 00	W. C. Marshon	2 00
W. H. Healy	2 00	A. Thomas	1 00
J. T. Clemens	1 00	N. D. Hall	2 00
T. Dennison	2 00	S. B. Worth	2 00
W. C. Garrett	10 00		
June 5.			
J. P. White	2 00	G. F. Hupp	2 00
H. E. Allen	2 00	J. Anderson	2 00
E. Willsey	2 00	A. A. Miles	2 00
N. Chandler	2 00	C. W. James, agt.	150 00
T. W. Gibb	3 00	D. C. McCormick	1 50
H. P. Cromwell	5 00	N. W. Williams	2 00
G. Scott	1 00	G. Reynolds	2 00
W. Troxell	2 00	D. Farrell	1 00
S. H. Miller	2 00	E. Simcock	1 50
June 6.			
E. Crosby	8 00	J. Manderson	2 00
J. Dessauce	1 00	M. Slecht	2 00
G. B. Lewis	2 00	W. Z. Warley	15 00
R. M. Newman	2 00	A. Uber	4 00
Miss B. Wilson	2 00	S. Sloan	4 00
J. W. Engleman	2 00	M. W. Aitken	2 00
J. Blanchard	2 00	Capt. G. W. Yates	2 00
June 7.			
R. Reed	2 00	J. S. Jeffries	2 00
J. S. Caldwell	2 00	P. Wheeler	5 00
J. K. Rayliss	[illegible]	B. R. Deal	16 00
Maj. T. W. Robeson	2 00	W. S. Moore	2 00
Dr. J. H. Delany	2 00	S. Knight	2 00
S. Price	2 00	A. Maxwell	2 00
H. McCutcheon	2 00	R. C. Noe	2 00
J. McLean	5 00	D. Paley	1 00
Brown & Merriam	1 00		
June 9.			
Eliza Ogleby	1 00	A. H. Arndt	2 00
J. H. Wilkes	5 00	P. W. Thorn	4 00
J. Cole	2 00	J. Means	2 00
H. Hardison	4 00	J. Everhart	1 00
T. M. Preston	6 00	Dr. W. H. Tarply	2 00
W. W. Watkins	2 00	S. H. Butler	6 00
J. L. Sanders	2 00	A. McCallum	4 00
A. Ely	2 00	D. S. Hewson	2 00
M. W. Adams	5 00	W. L. Brown	2 00
June 10.			
Miss S. C. Way	2 00	J. H. Boone	2 00
J. Lawson	2 00	L. Gunnell	2 00
J. J. Mays	1 00	J. Boyd	2 00
L. Chase	1 25	H. Bosse	2 00
J. Brown	5 00	J. Robinson	2 00
Dr. W. Rich	2 00	J. Woodside	2 00
Miss M. Streckey	2 00	C. P. Howell	6 00
June 11.			
Miss M. Troup	2 00	J. Baker	15 00
Rev. W. C. Dana	2 50	D. Wethrow	2 00
J. Atkinson	2 00	F. Beidler	2 00
J. Van Vleck	2 00	P. S. Duval	1 50
H. B. Gregory	2 00	S. Heffer	2 00
Mrs. A. Brooks	2 00		
June 12.			
A. Goodwin	2 00	R. O. Fenton	1 00
Elish. Stanger	2 00	O. H. P. Stem, agt.	43 00
J. P. Rittenhouse	2 00	S. C. Shotwell	2 00
R. Stewart, Jr.	16 00	S. Fowler	1 25
G. C. Shaw	2 00	J. H. Bruere	1 25
S. Trowbridge	1 00	B. H. Painter	4 00
F. Oliver	1 00	J. W. Edson	2 00
L. Billinger	3 00	R. Laverty	2 00
J. H. Tolman	2 00	T. W. Smith	2 00
J. S. Kelsey	5 00		
June 13.			
J. Wall	5 00	W. Fotteral	5 00
J. C. Morgan, agt.	54 55	P. Erwin	2 00
Mrs. L. Bump	2 00	J. Redman	2 00
Dr. J. H. Cole	2 00	G. K. Childs	2 00
A. D. Grinnell	2 00	J. O. Browning	5 00
A. J. Sanderson	10 00	W. C. Hall	4 00
M. Elson	2 00	Mrs. T. Durant	2 00
J. W. Harris	5 00	S. C. Hood	2 00
J. McMillan	1 00	Dr. Van Dyke	6 00
J. Seal	2 00	B. Buckhead	2 00
J. Nelson	2 00	W. B. Wright	5 00
Geo. J. Little	2 00	R. Johnson	2 00
B. Wells	1 50	L. Johnson	2 00
W. S. Conover	1 50	Mrs. P. J. Huber	1 00
T. S. Ellis	2 00	S. W. R. Chorn	4 00
H. Helmuth	2 00	J. Rothrock	2 00
J. Swift	2 00	W. Taylor	4 00
June 14.			
G. Hoffstitler	1 00	C. Kinsey	1 00
S. Y. Browning	8 00	C. H. Gratiot	2 00
J. Bean, Jr.	1 50	T. W. O. Braffet	2 00
G. R. Thornley	11 00	C. S. Bartlett	1 00
R. C. Taylor	2 00	J. D. Reed	4 00
J. Johnston, P. M.	11 00	P. R. Houston	2 00
A. Spalding	2 00	M. W. Freed	2 00
H. Stowell	2 00	J. C. Graves	2 00
Miss A. Ormrod	1 00	W. Howe	2 00
June 16.			
S. C. Trowbridge	5 00	L. Hadaway	5 00
Miss A. W. Spencer	2 00	C. H. Vaughan	2 00
H. Allen	2 00	S. Hosaker	2 00
A. Cooper	2 00	H. Edwards	3 00
A. Hiatt	2 00	B. Gilman	1 50
H. Stowell	2 00	B. Parkison	4 00
B. W. Albertson	10 00	E. S. Pugh	2 00
J. W. Head	6 00	J. Williams	2 00

ALMANAC.

June, 1845.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
21 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	3 9	
22 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	3 52	D. H. M.
23 Monday,	4 35	7 25	4 34	
24 Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	5 16	
25 Wednesday,	4 30	7 25	6 0	New 4 8 7
26 Thursday,	4 35	7 25	6 50	First 13 10 42
27 Friday,	4 35	7 25	7 36	Full 19 6 17
28 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	9 6	Last 26 9 26

Married,

On the 16th inst. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. G. W. Ridgely, SAMUEL C. BROWN, of New York, to ACHSAH E. only daughter of the late Thos. G. Kennedy, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. F. Ketcham, Mr. JOHN H. HAMRICK, of Kensington, to Miss RUTH L. TROY, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Urie, Mr. ANDREW ENNECKS, Jr. to Miss MARIA SYLVESTER, both of Southwark.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. R. White, Mr. JOHN CLIFFORD, to Miss SUSAN EWING, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. Lindley C. Rutter, Mr. WILLIAM B. HOOD, of Drumore Township, Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH A. daughter of Francis and Mary Mahan, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D., Mr. P. F. HAGAR, to Miss MARY, daughter of Robert Burkhart, all of this city.

At Cincinnati, on Thursday evening, 29th May, by the Rev. W. P. Strickland, Mr. JOHN P. GOULD, of Portsmouth, Ohio, formerly of Philada. to CAROLINE, daughter of Moses Brooks, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At West Chester, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. John Crowell, THOMAS WILLIAMS, Jr. of this city, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Ziba Pyle, of the former place.

At Elizabethtown, N. J. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, CHARLES BISPHAM, Esq. of Mount Holly, N. J. to Miss MARGARET B. daughter of the Hon. Wm. Chetwood, of the former place.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, HENRY MATHEWS, to Miss MARY, daughter of Richard Brook, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. S. G. Hare, Mr. THOS. HARE, to Miss MATILDA WHITE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. A. H. Lochman, Mr. W. MOORE, to Miss ANNA M. WOLF, both of Holland, York county, Pa.

On the 29th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, to ELIZABETH PICKERING, both of Southwark.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joel Parker, Mr. WM. KING, to Miss ELIZABETH REEVES, all of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, ISAAC H. HOBBS, to MARY M. daughter of the late John McCormick, of this city.

Died,

On the 16th inst. of congestion of the brain, EDWARD L. CAREY, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. ANN DWIGHT, in the 38th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. WM. HENRY, son of Archibald McDonald, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 13th inst. in the 5th year of his age, JAMES, son of Saml. and Ann Lennox.

On the 15th inst. MARTHA ANN, daughter of J. M. and Sarah W. Laird, in the 3d year of her age.

On the 16th inst. SYLVESTER, infant son of Lewis and Emeline Chester, in his 1st year.

On the 17th inst. JAMES S. MUIR, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. JESSE T. TERRES, aged 32 years.

Suddenly, on the 14th inst. ELIZABETH HEARTY, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Harbert, aged 2 years and 9 days.

On the 14th inst. HENRY J. JONES, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. GEORGE SHEPHERD, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 14th instant, ELIZA A. STOKES, wife of C. M. Stokes, in the 39th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELLEN LAMBERT, wife of Gershom W. Lambert, in the 56th year of her age.

Near Pawtucket, R. I., 10th ultimo, Mr. THEODORE SCHRODER, aged 34 years, formerly of Philada. Pa.

On the 13th inst. MARY HEANEY, widow of Mathew Heaney, deceased.

Suddenly, on the 12th inst. CASPAR M. infant son of Samuel and Lovenia Brooke, aged 6 months.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Taylor, aged 6 years, 6 mos. and 20 days.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. DAVID PORTER, son of Peter and Theresa Rambo, aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES HENRY, son of Joel and Eliza A. Hager, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 13th inst. MARY, only daughter of Hiram and Melvina Miller.

On the 13th inst. THOMAS EGAN.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. MARTHA V. TUSSEY, wife of Mr. Isaac Tussey, in the 59th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. MILTON RITTER, son of Jacob K. and Sarah A. Ritter, aged 3 years and 7 months.

At Salem, N. J. on Friday, 13th inst. of consumption, Mr. DAVID WM. GIBBS, in the 19th year of his age, son of Rev. J. W. Gibbs, Pastor of the Baptist Church, of the above place. New York papers will please copy.

On the 17th instant, DANIEL SMITH, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 18th instant, JAMES WIDDIFIELD, in the 50th year of his age.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 14, 1845.

INTERMENTS
In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 7th to the 14th June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	33	61
Abscess, Lumbar	1	0	——Puerperal,	1	0
Anemia,	0	1	——Scarlet,	0	10
Apoplexy,	3	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	4
Asphyxia,	0	1	——Bronchi,	2	3
Casualties,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	2
Croup,	0	3	——Stomach and Bowels,	2	3
Congestion of the Brain,	1	2	——Trachea,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	19	——Kidneys,	0	1
——Morbus,	1	1	——Liver,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	4	Insanity,	1	0
Concussion of the Brain,	0	1	Inanition,	0	3
Convulsions,	0	12	Mania a Potu,	3	0
Diarrhœa,	2	3	Malformation,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	6
——Head,	0	6	Measles,	0	2
Disease of Brain,	2	1	Mortification,	1	0
——Heart,	3	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Liver,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
——Tubercular,	0	1	Purpura Hæmorrhagica,	0	1
Drowned,	1	2	Scirrhus of Bowels,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	2	Scrofula,	1	3
Debility,	0	2	Still Born,	0	6
Erysipelas,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Tetanus,	1	0
Fever,	0	1	Violence,	1	0
Carried over,	33	61	Total,	150—53	106

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 16 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 8,	73	84	88
9,	83	90	95
10,	79	86	85
11,	81	87	90
12,	71	81	86
13,	77	84	89
14,	79	80	81

READ IT! IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND COMMENTS ARE UNNECESSARY.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1845.

DR. JAYNE,—Dear Sir: I feel bound to the afflicted to give publicity to the extraordinary effects of your valuable Medicines.

I have suffered for seven years past, with Liver Complaint, and the train of diseases which follow—a complete prostration of the system—so that it was with great difficulty I could walk one or two squares without resting, and at times I was confined to my room. To add to my misery, a Scrofulous affection appeared in my throat. I had the advice of some eminent physicians, and tried nearly all the remedies in such cases, but continued to grow worse, and finally became afflicted with Rheumatism in my arms, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head. In the hottest weather my feet and hands would ache with the cold, and perspiration had almost ceased. I now became afflicted with a dry hoarse cough, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. I had, at this stage, night sweats, and little or no sleep, with frightful dreams and morbid headache. I seemed to be bordering on INSANITY, and was denied all mental study. I could not read a short paragraph in a newspaper without great difficulty. During this time I had great soreness in my stomach, which caused it to swell so much that I was unable to lie down, or even to recline, but had to be propped up in a chair. It seemed as though a speedy dissolution was taking place.

I now heard of your Medicines, and determined to try your SANATIVE PILLS, and to my surprise the soreness left me, so that I could walk about the house. I continued to improve from that time. Shortly after I commenced taking the Pills, my wife called at your Store, and stated my case to you, and you sent me a bottle of your SANATIVE, or LIFE PRESERVATIVE, and also word to come and see you, and you would investigate my case, and cure me. This I did not believe, as I felt I was beyond the reach of human skill. I continued to take your Alterative and Pills for one week, when I was able to call on you, at which time you gave me but little encouragement; but I continued taking your Medicines for three weeks, when there was a decided change for the better. When I called on you again, you then said I would get well, and that your Alterative would cure me effectually. With no hopes, however, of getting well, I still continued taking your Alterative, until I had taken the fourth bottle, when there was a sudden change in my whole system, as though I had got rid of some great burthen, and I could draw my breath as usual. My nerves gradually became strong, and my appetite returned.

It has been about four months since I commenced taking your Medicines, and at this time nearly every vestige of disease is eradicated from my system. I am as active, and nearly as strong, as at any period of my life. I have now gained nine pounds in two months.

I have good reason to believe that the use of your invaluable Medicines, by the help of God, has saved me from a premature grave.

JOSEPH BARBAR,
Hallowell Court, in Poplar Street,
between Seventh and Eighth sts.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—No charge for Medical Advice. [je 21 3m

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I WOULD INFORM MY FRIENDS THAT I have removed my store from No. 20 South Third St. to the large and splendid warehouse, No. 8 South THIRD near MARKET street, where I am prepared to furnish my friends and customers, not only with my own popular FAMILY MEDICINES, viz:

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE or Life Preservative, HAIR TONIC, HAIR DYE, VERMIFUGE, CARMINATIVE, SANATIVE PILLS & AGUE PILLS;

but having also on hand a very large stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, ESSENTIAL OILS, GLASSWARE, PERFUMERY, &c.

In fact everything usually kept by wholesale dealers, and having made my purchases wholly for CASH and from first hands, I am enabled to execute orders, at as low prices, as pure, and unadulterated articles as can be obtained from any other establishment in the Union. Druggists, physicians, manufacturers and dealers are invited to call and examine my stock before they make their purchase.

DAVID JAYNE.

Philada., May 24, 1845. my 24 6m

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THE FAVORABLE RESULTS Experienced by Patients suffering from various diseases, where usual course of medicine is of no avail, and which were effected within the last two years by a scientific Water Cure in my Hydropathic Institute, in Reinholdsville, Lancaster county, have brought this beneficial method of imparting health to the deranged human system into high repute with the public. Necessarily confined within narrow limits at my present location, I felt myself under the necessity of looking out for a situation suitable for the reception of many Patients, uniting every thing that may possibly be required in a scientific Water Cure establishment.

Respecting the advantages of this method of curing diseases, I offer the following testimonials. Extract from Dr. Washington L. Atlee's Lecture, introductory to the course of Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Philadelphia, for the Session 1844-45:

"In Germany, indeed, under the name of *hydropathy*, it is regarded as a universal remedy, curing inflammations of the brain, chest, and abdomen, insanity, epilepsy, phthisis, gout, rheumatism, all exanthematous and cutaneous diseases, hemorrhages, alvine obstructions, syphilis, scrofula, neuralgia, &c. &c.—and even hydrophobia, the very *water-horror* itself, is effectually cured by this wonder-working *water-medicine!* whether by *submersion*, continued until the spasm has been *permanently* subdued or not, I have not been informed. Still, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the followers of the 'primitive philosopher,' Priessnitz, we may truly exclaim with Southey,—

"Most blessed water! Neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given.
To taste of that divinest gift of heaven.
I stooped and drank of that divinest well,
Fresh from the rock of ages, where it ran;
It had a heavenly quality to quell
All pain. I rose a renovated man;
And would not now, when that belief was known,
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone."

TRANSLATION.—FROM CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D.
I take pleasure in certifying Dr. Leisering, that the Hydropathy, or the art of curing by means of cold water, is, according to my firm conviction and long experience, of exceedingly salutary effect on the human constitution, and particularly so in chronic diseases. Several of my acquaintances are indebted to this system for their final recovery, after having suffered for years of affections which defied the exertions of every medical skill. I am the more willing to give publicity to this testimonial and recommendation of Hydropathy, as I feel convinced that the treatment with cold water will not only cure all chronic affections, without impairing, but even with strengthening vitality. CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D.

The same is corroborated by the testimonial of G. Neidhard, M. D., and several other physicians of high standing.

It is the first Medical Water Cure Institute in this State, situate in Lancaster county, called the Garden of Pennsylvania. The establishment is placed in the very midst of this garden, at Ephrata, on an eminence near the shades of an extensive wood, being the highest point of mountains in the county, rich in beauty and health, and supplied with excellent, wholesome water, calculated to accommodate many patients and visitors with boarding, lodging, and medical treatment. Ephrata itself is immediately situated on a cross road, from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and from Lancaster to Reading; 58 miles from Philadelphia, 40 miles from Harrisburg, 13 miles from Lancaster, and 18 miles from Reading. With the 15th of May, in each year, the Summer season commences in this Institute—although for Patients there is no season in the year which will exclude them from the Medical treatment pursued therein. Occasional visitors, however, desiring merely to renovate their system by enjoying the country and its invigorating breezes, the vapor baths, water drinking, bathing, douche, exercise and diet—generally select the Summer for that purpose.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

THE WISH OF THE WEARY WOMAN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A form there was, still spared by time,
Till the slow century filled its prime;
Stretched on its bed, with half closed eye
It marked uncertain shades flit by;
And scarce the varied world of sound
To the dull ear, admittance found;
While brow and hand, embrowned and dark,
Seemed like the knarled oak's roughened bark.

Oh! e'er did youth or beauty deck
In days long past, yon living wreck?
Did blushes o'er that leathern cheek
The warmth of quick emotion speak?
Did roseate health that lip bedew?
And kneeling love, for favor sue?
Alas! Alas! for those who bear
A hundred year's, earth's load of care!

'Twere vain to ask what legends old
That brain doth in its chambers hold;
What pictures in its gallery fade
By fancy sketched or hope portrayed,
For memory locks the cloistered door
Against the fond inquirer's lore,
And still that weary woman's eye
Doth gaze and fix on vacancy.

Yet the worn lungs spontaneous played,
The frigid heart pulsation made,
And helpless to the garden borne,
Or layed beside the blossomed thorn,
What time the vernal noon-tide hour
Gave quickening life to shrub and flower—
Methought their balmy breath renewed
The stagnant tides of curdling blood.

A knell burst forth! 'mid summer's pride
Its mournful cadence floated wide,
E'en o'er that rigid ear it stole,
And wrung a tear-drop from the soul.
Then, lo! a hoarse, sepulchral tone,
As when imprisoned waters moan,
Moved the parched lips to utterance free,
"Oh! when will that bell toll for me!"

"All, all are gone! the husband dear,
The loving child, the friend sincere;
Once, to their graves with grief I prest,
But now I bless their dreamless rest;
And here, amid a stranger-band,
Sad relic of the past I stand,
Dead at the root, a withered tree,
Oh! when will that bell toll for me?

"Hath death forgotten? Child and bride,
And babe, he gathereth to his side.
He finds them wheresoe'er they rove,
In halls of pride, or bowers of love,
They fain would hide, while to his sight
I hasten, and his shafts invite.
Doth God forget? I bend the knee,
Oh! when will that bell toll for me!"

Scientific.

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

FROM THE POLYTECHNIC REVIEW.

Of all the various organs of sense, none have so frequently been the theme of a poet's landation ...

[illegible]

... We will, in our next paper, show how beautifully all this knowledge had been anticipated in the construction of the human eye.

Life in Sweden.

SUNDAY IN MORA.

[Frederika Bremer has just written a new book, Life in Dalecarlia, from which we make the following extract. The scene of the story, Dalecarlia, or as it is now called, Stora-kopparberg is perhaps the most interesting province in all Sweden. The new book, not yet published in this country, is said to bear a strong family likeness to Miss Bremer's other volumes. There is the same poetical conception of every-day domestic life, the same charm and fragrance thrown over the simplest household scenes.]

Whoever wishes to see a people in a state of patriarchal simplicity and innocence, such as has almost vanished from the face of the earth, must seek it in Dalecarlia. Prayer and toil have preserved its youthful strength, both of body and mind. Lowly are the dwellings of this people. The Daleman bows his neck to enter the door of his hut, but never beneath ...

[illegible]

A BAD HABIT.

"Oh, mother! I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills ...

[illegible]

Personal Sketches.

D'ISRAELI:

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GRAY."

"Tis dinner-hour, and the banquet-hall in the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street, ...

[illegible]

... is a curious one, and in the extreme dearth of ability in public men, becomes an important one.

The present total break up of party in the state, preparatory, it is to be hoped, to its fusion into its old constitutional elements of a strong ministry and strong opposition, is peculiarly favorable to the realization of the great expectations originally formed of him, and of the attainment of which he is quite capable, if he would only a little more uniformly consult what is due to himself and the requirements of one possessed of his ambition.

THE GRECIAN LYRE.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlor found
A Grecian lyre, and tried to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on the elastic strings.
Awakened discord shrieks, and scolds and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a wapping mob at midnight balls,
Harsh as ten thousand chariots rolling round St. Pauls;
And harsher far than all the ecstatic race,
Whose drunken orgies stun the wilds of Thrace.
"Friend," quoth the sage, "that fine machine contains
Exacter number and diviner strains;
Strains, such as once could build the Theban wall,
Or stop the mountain torrent in its fall."
He said, and o'er the trembling wire
Spread his light hand and touched the lyre;
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The air to kindle and the notes to flow.
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal wood,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling flood
The listening passions hear, and catch the rise,
As the rich harmony swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
And purer rapture fills the breast of love.

Life has its ease, amusement, joy and fire
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And like the lyre will all its powers impart,
When touched and managed by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool destroy,
Through rage and ignorance the strain of joy.
Irregularly wild their passions roll,
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul;
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct their taste and harmonize their will,
And teach their affections, like his notes to flow,
Not raised too high, nor ever sunk too low;
Till each, in kindred sound shall pour along
Th' according music of the moral song.

Boston Recorder.

The Olio.

THE BITER BIT.

The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair;
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is every where, oh, mother, but with me!

[illegible]

THE FASTEST YET.—We heard last evening of a steamboat, built by a Yankee of course, which run so fast that when she burst her boilers, a short time since, the passengers were all preserved by her *running from under them* before they could be injured by the scalding steam! That is the "quickest on record," decidedly.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

PRAYER DURING THE CONFLICT.

From the German of Korner.

BY W. B. CHRISTOPHER.

Father, I call to thee!
Fiercely the battle storm rages around me!
Flashes the lightning! Darkness surrounds me!
Ruler of battles, I call to thee!
Father, deliver me!

Father, deliver me!
Beam in my pathway, lead me to conquest—
Shroud me in sorrow, lead me to death:
Lead as thou wilt, yet oh, lead thou me!
Lord, I acknowledge thee!

Lord, I acknowledge thee
Voice of Thy Spirit, autumn leaves shaking—
Burst of thy power, battle-cloud breaking!
Fountain of mercy, I bow to thee!
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh bless thou me!
Thine is my spirit, anguished and riven—
Guard it on earth; oh, guide it to heaven!
Living or dying, oh bless thou me!
Father, I worship thee!

Father, I worship thee:
Fight in thy name, though countless the legions
Assailing me dense, from dark spirit-regions—
Vanquished or vanquishing, praise to thee!
Father, I look to thee!

Father, I look to thee!
Hear me, my God! when death shall surprise me,
Steal o'er my soul, with dew-damp baptize me—
Fearful that hour: oh rescue me—
Father, I call to thee!

MARRIAGE RITE.

FROM MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of taintless white,
Dumb with the scene and dazzled with delight:—
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with devoted look and feeling bland;—
And oft she turns her soul-expressing eye,
Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one kneeling by her side,
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze;
While love and homage blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour.
What though this chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and precarious pain;
By want or wo, where'er compell'd he rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love!
There beats one heart, which unto death will be
[illegible]

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Prepared only by Dr. Swayne, whose office is now removed to N. W. corner of Eighth and Race sts., Philada.

NOTICE.—Persons will please call on any of my agents, or at my office in Philadelphia, and get a small pamphlet, which gives a short treatise on pulmonary affections, with a number of testimonials of its virtues. It is well worth seeing, and may be had gratis.

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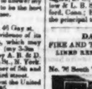

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WASHINGTON, May 25, 1844.

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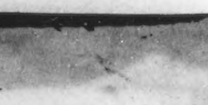
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